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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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The World Is Full of Beauty

There is beauty in the forest,
Where the trees are green and fair,
There is beauty in the meadow,
Where the flowers scent the air.
There is beauty in the sunlight,
And the soft blue beams above.
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the fountain,
Tossing gaily in its play,
While the rainbow hues are glittering
On its silvery, shining spray.
There is beauty in the streamlet,
Murmuring softly through a grove.
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the moonlight,
When it falls upon the sea,
While the blue foam-crested billows
Dance and frolic joyously.
There is beauty in the lightning gleam
That flits and shines above.
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the brightness
Beaming from a loving eye,
In the warm blush of affection,
In the tear of sympathy,
In the low, sweet voice, whose accents
The spirit's gladness prove.
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love.

A Night With the Train Guards

By John M. Oskison

It was not long after the "holdup of '94" on the M. K. & T. at Adair, Indian Territory, that the Blackstone Switch robbery was attempted. Bud Ledbetter, who came over from Arkansas about that time, told me the story. One point that he made especially clear is that, when two or more determined men are protecting an express car, robbing a train is a difficult business.

Ledbetter told me the story as we sat after breakfast in the restaurant at Vinia. There were present besides Bud and myself only the proprietor at his counter and a few black waiters tidying up the room after the breakfast rush.

"The Blackstone Switch fight," said Bud, "was in November, 1934. I hadn't been in the Territory long. It was in the summer of 1934 that Bill Cook made things so lively in the Territory and in Oklahoma. Over on the Arkansas Valley road they were so scared that they changed their night run from Coffeyville to Fort Smith to a day run. But Cook's gang hadn't been particular about sticking to the Valley road; they had come over to the M. K. & T. more than once, and the M. K. & T. began to put guards in the express cars of the night trains.

"Paden Tolbert and I used to make a good many of the runs on the evening train down. We would get into the express car here at six o'clock and ride clear through to Denison, Texas, where we arrived early in the morning. Then in a few hours we would catch number two and get back here at midnight. There wasn't anything regular about our schedule, however.

One day we got word to go down to Muskogee to meet number two there at a quarter to ten and stay with her until she reached Parsons, Kansas, at about half past one in the morning. So we climbed on the six o'clock down train and got into Muskogee a couple of hours later. When number two came in we went into the express car and sat down to have a chat with the messenger.

"He was a nice sort of fellow, who hadn't been on that route long. He'd never been in a holdup; so Paden and I began to give it to him plain and strong about the Cook gang. It wasn't necessary to stretch the truth either, for that outfit and several others that borrowed the name did some remarkable work in the holdup line. And it was work that included a whole lot of shooting.

"Paden was telling the messenger about the way Bill Cook could stand a man on his head and shake the lining out of his pockets, when we heard the engine whistle for Blackstone Switch. It was only about seven miles north of Muskogee, on the edge of the Arkansas River timber—no station, only a plain switch, and the train never stopped there unless it was flagged. So we didn't expect what happened. The switch had been opened, and without any slowing down we felt the old engine hit the curve on the siding. The next thing we knew there was a jerk, then

another and another as old Jerry, the engineer, but on the air brakes and then loosened 'em and applied 'em again.

"Jerry had a pretty good idea why the switch was open. So he got those brakes to gripping without wasting any time, and the train was on the curve of the siding when it stopped; the hind wheels of the last car were still on the main track. The next thing that Jerry did was to fix the throttle so that no one could open it, and then to get tearing off through the bushes. Dutch Julius, the fireman, also disappeared.

"When the train stopped we heard the sound of shooting down towards the last car.

"It's the real thing this time," I said to Paden.

"It sure is!" he replied. "Have you got your irons ready, Johnson?"

"Johnson was the messenger, but he decided he wasn't drawing pay to fight train robbers. He began to build up a safe little nest out of the packages that were in the car.

"You go to the front door," I said to Paden, "and I'll take a look from the back platform of this car."

"We got to our places and listened to make out how the outfit was scattered and how many there were in it. I saw two of them had struck to the timber east of the track, and maybe three were coming up the train, raking both sides to keep the passengers and train men inside. Remember we were running north, and the way the train had stopped on the curve of the switch left the west side exposed like the inside of your arm when your elbow is crooked.

"I called out to Paden to clear them away from the inside crook of the train, which he did with a few shots that he sent swinging around the corner of the car. It wasn't a black night, but the best light we had to shoot by was the flash of the guns. We both kept the two in the bushes on the east busy, so that their shots didn't do any damage. You see, they had to keep moving and couldn't get our position accurately.

"All that preliminary fighting showed us the game was going to be a siege. On the outside of that crooked arm made by the train a man could come up pretty near the express car without being exposed, if he kept close. According to the game the robbers had fixed up, which was to ditch the cars if the engineer didn't stop, nobody had to pay any attention to the engineer. That left the whole outfit free to attack the express car.

"For a few minutes the shooting let up, and I was hoping that they had pulled off. Then a number of shots came at us out of the bushes. I stepped back to the shelter of the door, and we drove the men in the woods out of range. Just then a shot whizzed in close to me and spattered against the car, and I saw that they were coming up on the outside of the crook and were jumping out to take a crack at my platform fort. The next time a bullet came too near I swung out, holding on to the brake wheel and, using my left hand, sent a couple of bullets down. They scuttled back, and for a minute it was tit, tat, toe; Paden and I worried the bushes, and the bushes made dents in the 'Katy' rolling stock.

"All at once something happened that came pretty near fixing me so that I'd be no good to anybody. One of the three men back by the coaches had crawled underneath the trucks and crawled himself along until he'd got under the baggage car, which was next to the express, and had found a crack between the two platforms to shoot through. He'd twisted himself around with a sort of hip-and-elbow rest on the ballast, and his bullet zipped so close to my ears that I heard its song for a month!

"So that's your game, is it?" I said and took a shot down where I thought he was.

"It was bad shooting though, both for me and for the fellow under the trucks; more bullets pounded the platform and the couplings than got through. Meanwhile Paden was busy with the boys in the woods.

"All at once I saw a match flare up. The man in the car touched something to the flame and, leaning far out clear of the steps, tossed it up on my platform. It was a dynamite stick!

"I moved with the speed of a toboggan on a steep, icy hillside as I jumped back, banging the door open with my shoulder and slamming it shut as I fell inside. The stick of dynamite exploded, and the old car rocked like a runaway circus chariot on a stony road. The messenger squealed, and Paden yelled to me to ask if I was still able to talk.

"I am!" I said, jerking the splintered door open and jumping out to send a few shots down into the dark.

"It was clearer work then, for the platform was mostly gone. I saw the man by the flash of his gun over next to the car wheels, and I caught him at last. He let out a yell for help and pulled himself back out of range. A couple of his friends crawled under to drag him out. The shooting from the woods stopped, and once more we had time to get it together.

"They were brazen; I was sure of that. I was crawling over our luck to Paden and was about to swing down to go up to talk things over, when I saw a procession coming round the elbow and heard a loud voice cry: 'Don't shoot. We're passengers!'

"When they came closer I could see them, six of 'em, three abreast, hands over their heads, floundering in the dark on the sloping grade of the track. I made out the negro porter, the brakeman and a tall passenger in front. Behind that second row, close up to their backs, was a robber with a gun in each hand. He was using the two trainmen and the passengers as a screen.

"If he could work that game, I saw they had us. There were plenty of passengers ready to walk when a gun was tickling their ribs, and by holding a sort of camp meeting round the side door of the express car the robbers could dynamite or batter or saw or do anything they pleased, and we wouldn't dare shoot. I had to stop that procession somehow.

"When the bunch was maybe twenty feet away I leaned out and yelled, yelled as if I meant it too: 'Lay down, all of you!'

"It worked. It seemed as if my voice knocked 'em over, and the tall passenger fell far out like a towering oak square into the middle of a ditch full of muddy water. The man with the guns didn't fall down; I didn't expect he would.

"I tried to be as deliberate in my aim as I could, swinging out as I was and using my left hand. I brought my gun up from his feet slow; but there wasn't much light, and left-handed shooting is uncertain. I caught him somewhere in the shoulder, and he turned and scooted for the rear. I didn't touch him with a second shot.

"The screen of six rose up running. The tall man—a man I'd like to know—went into the bushes head-on. The others followed close, and in a little while there wasn't even the rustle of the dead grass or scattered leaves to tell where they'd hid. Back towards the rear coaches there was some scurrying about; then everything was still.

"We waited and listened, but we heard nothing except the little sounds of the night. The engine had stopped panting long before and looked as if it were asleep.

"I must have listened for ten minutes before I called out: 'Hello, Paden!'

"Hello, Bud, how's things down your way?" he replied.

"Got 'em goin' south, I think."

"Gone?"

"Sure."

"Where's the passengers an' crew?"

"How do I know? I'm not their nurse!"

"Paden laughed and came down to my platform. Pretty soon a brakeman came up with a lantern, and the renegades crawled out of the bushes, the tall passenger last of all. The brakie told us that the coaches hadn't been robbed, and then went on to see about the engine. He found it almost cold, and there wasn't a sign of either Jerry or Dutch. I knew that old Jerry would take care of himself; I guessed that he was in the bushes. So I put my hands for a trumpet and yelled out: 'Jerry!'

"There was no answer, so I tried again: 'Jerry, the robbers are all gone!'

"Still no answer.

"Jerry!" I yelled again, 'the robbers are all gone. This is Bud Ledbetter, calling.'

"Hey?" came a faint voice from away in the bushes.

"The robbers are all gone, Jerry. Come and start us up!"

"Then he came shuffling up, fat old Jerry, the best engineer on the division, and I was never so glad to see anybody in my life. The fireman appeared from somewhere—out of the water tank in the tender, Jerry says—and in a few minutes we were scooting on north towards Parsons. In over an hour's fight we had some scared cars, a shattered platform and a bunch of scared passengers, including the tall chap that got ditch water on his clothes.

"I found out later, being somewhat concerned in running the outfit down, that there were five in the gang that threw the switch.

"Texas Jack, whose real name was Nathan Reed, was the leader of the outfit. Tom Root, a Cherokee Indian, and two negroes, Buss Luckey and Bill Smith, were in the party. Who the fifth was I was never able to find out.

"It was Reed that tried to dynamite me. Tom Root got the bullet in the shoulder. He served considerable time in the jail at Fort Smith and got out by turning state's evidence to convict Buss Luckey and the other negro.

"After that for a long time there wasn't much for guards to do on the Katy."

Official Announcement of Pennsylvania Convention

The Forty-seventh Convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf and Ninth Re-Union of the Alumni Association of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, will be held at the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, Edgewood Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., on September 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, 1933.

PROGRAM

Joint Meeting of the Alumni Association of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf and the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Morning and afternoon—Registration. Evening—Public joint meeting at 8 P.M.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2D

Morning—Business Meeting of the P. S. D., at 8:30 A.M. Afternoon—announced later. Evening—Reception and "Movies."

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3D

Morning—Chapel, short talks. Afternoon—Business Meeting of the Athletic Association of W. P. S. D., at 2 P.M. Evening—Business Meeting of the Athletic Association of W. P. S. D., at 7:45 P.M.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH

Morning—Baseball Game at 9:30 A.M. Afternoon—Field events, etc., at 2 P.M.

ACCOMMODATIONS

Board and Lodging may be had in the School for the Deaf at the following rates: Breakfast, 25 cents, Dinner, 50 cents, Supper 35 cents, and Lodging, 35 cents.

Accommodations may be had by writing to Mr. A. C. Manning, Supt., School for the Deaf, Edgewood, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DUES

Membership in the Pennsylvania Society—\$1.00 a year. Membership in the Alumni Association—50 cents biennially.

For more information, write to Mr. A. C. Manning, Supt., or to Frank A. Leitner, 929 East End Avenue, Wilkensburg, Pa., or to Peter R. Graves, Care of Sun-Telegraph Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.

HENRY J. PULVER, Secretary.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—\$2.00 a year.

SEATTLE

It was a most enjoyable meeting at our club, Saturday evening, May 8th, when several speeches were given by the out-of-town visitors, who were Prof. L. A. Divine, of the Vancouver School for the Deaf; Miss Marion Finch, one of the Oregon teachers; and A. H. Koberstein, who spoke about his trip to California and the recent earthquake. A debate between Harry Landreyou and Mrs. O. Hanson, for and against "Resolved, that city life is better than the country," was interesting. The debaters themselves selected their judges, Rev. O. Hanson, Miss Finch, N. C. Garrison, Mrs. E. Bertram and A. H. Koberstein. After a few minutes' council, Mr. Landreyou was given the verdict.

Miss Finch's niece, Mrs. Drake, an oral day teacher in the Seattle school, motored to Salem the last of June, and a few days later brought Miss Finch and another aunt from Los Angeles back to the city. Last week Miss Finch had a pleasant auto trip to Everett to see the famous frigate *Constitution*, and at another time went to Snoqualmie Falls when it was at its best. This week Miss Finch, as usual, accompanied the family to Tacoma to call on a few old friends from Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Prof. Divine visited with his son and his wife for a week before returning home. The younger Mr. Divine took a course at the University of Washington for two or three weeks.

Prof. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter, of Vancouver, with their two sons, have gone to their beautiful summer home on the shore of Lake Sutherland in the Olympic Mountains, for the summer.

In the evening, after the July 4th picnic, Mr. and Mrs. T. Bradshaw found the former's brother and his wife, from New York, waiting at their home for them. What a time they had after thirty years of separation. Of course, they had seen each other fifteen years ago, but it was only for a little while. They remained with Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw and visited for a week. The whole family motored to Mt. Rainier and found two to twelve feet of snow covering the inn and other buildings. They were awed at the immensity and beauty of the mountain. They visited interesting spots of the "charmed land" around Seattle and the Puget Sound country, before they resumed their motor trip back to New York.

We all had a lovely time at Mrs. J. T. Bodley's home July 13th, at the ladies' monthly luncheon. As is her custom, Mrs. Bodley planned everything nicely. Mrs. Claire Reeves was the winner of first prize at bridge, and Mrs. W. S. Root, the booby. Miss Marion Finch was among the fourteen present. The next affair will be held at Mrs. Bert Haire's.

Lacy Waters and his brother, Ted, of Santa Barbara, have been spending the past couple of weeks in Seattle, taking rooms at Fifth Avenue Court, a fine apartment. They and Mr. and Mrs. T. Bradshaw are old friends, so they have been together a good deal, taking dinners at one or the other's home. The Bradshaws entertained a small party for them one evening, with "500" and bridge, and some excellent refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw took the visitors to Mt. Rainier last Tuesday and, much to their delight, they enjoyed a clear view, as the day was cloudless. The snow had melted sufficiently to show the tops of the cabins. The hearty luncheon at the inn was much enjoyed by the hungry travellers. They explored as much as possible, and on their return home in the evening they attended a movie in town without any fatigue.

The day after Mr. Lacy and Mr. Ted Waters arrived, it was Lacy's eightieth birthday, and there were numerous letters for him at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, who brought them to his apartment. Both of the gentlemen are spry and healthy-looking. Many people can hardly realize their age. The Bradshaws have shown their friends all round Seattle, pleasing them with the many picturesque views.

There were twenty-two friends at Mr. and Mrs. Wright's residence, honoring Miss Marion Finch and Mr. Lacy and Ted Waters with progressive bridge, of which first and booby prizes went to Mrs. Koberstein and

Mrs. Root respectively. With much thoughtfulness, Lacy and Ted Waters helped with the dishes after the refreshments. Mrs. Editha Ziegler assisted in entertaining the party.

Sunday, July 16th, two autos, driven by T. Bradshaw and A. W. Wright, having besides their wives, Lacy and Ted Waters, Miss Marion Finch, Mrs. E. Ziegler and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root, went to Lake Wilderness for an all-day picnic. Only Mrs. Root and Messrs. Bradshaw and Wright went in swimming. The party voted that this beach is the best one near Seattle, having all kinds of sports, including tennis, horseshoeing, golf, horse riding for children, and is well sheltered by shady trees.

Mrs. N. C. Garrison was home from Camano Island to see how things were. She has gone back there for another week for her little vacation. Mr. Garrison plans joining her this week-end for the old settlers' picnic. They had an offer for their charming cottage on the bluff of the Sound, but they refuse to think of parting with it yet.

Auntie Pauline Gustin has been going to her son, Edward's cabin at Shadow Lake the past month. She likes it there better than anywhere.

Miss Sophia Mullin's sister, Mrs. McCarthy, has secured a desirable place on Highland Drive, in the Queen Anne district, after three months with Miss Mullins. She said this position is better than the one she left in the Sedro Wooley Hospital.

July 19th, Mr. L. Waters and his brother, Ted, had Mr. and Mrs. T. Bradshaw and also a few other friends at their apartment had a delightful evening in a game of cards. The gentlemen served a fine luncheon. From Sunday, July 23d, till the 26th, the Waters will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, and after that they will be on their way back home, driving in their machine. They expect friends from Los Angeles to visit them.

When Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Reichle returned to their Portland home from our July 4th picnic, they had a nice call from James O'Leary, his son and his wife and baby boy, of Spokane. They all motored to Vancouver and had a pleasant visit with Prof. and Mrs. Divine.

The wedding announcements of Harry Oelschlager, of Alderwood Manor, and Miss Lillian Esther Berglund, July 8th, in Alexandria, Minn., were sent out to friends. Everyone extends best wishes and congratulations to the happy couple. We hope to meet the bride soon.

PUGET SOUND.
July 23 1933.

Sound Sleep

I don't know whether it was early rising that made Ben Franklin so wise, but science is proving that he knew what he was talking about here. Medical authorities now assure us that "an hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after."

God provides darkness in which to rest. This is one of His laws of nature: That man should sleep at night and work in the day. When you disregard God's laws, you suffer the consequences. In this case it means less good from the hours spent in bed. In this efficient age you cannot afford such loss of value. It is foolishness to burn lights during the best sleeping hours and then lie abed after daylight.

Obedience the laws brings its rewards, too. Arising to begin the day in that fresh, dewy, cool hour before the sun appears, gives you a joy not entirely caused by the opening chorus of the birds. In health, in working energy and in the cheerful outlook upon life, habitual early rising pays.

And now science says you digest the impressions of the day while asleep. What you see and think the last few hours before retiring are especially stored as part of your "mental goods." You can see how important is the way you spend your evenings, whether in light gaieties or moody selfishness, or in a cheerful, helpful and progressive mission. Character, intellect, and even business success, depend upon the thoughts you take to bed with you. So, make the time spent in slumber a sound investment.—Boys' Life.

A Club-Throwing Elk

Humphreys Howland owned a fine farm, 247 acres in extent, in Cayuga County, New York. Also, he owned some three thousand other acres, much of it in woodland, in that vicinity. Two miles from Aurora, near the lake, he established a seventeen-acre deer park, containing a fine little herd of Virginia whitetails. The park was surrounded by a picket fence twelve feet high, with the palings painted white, except along a few rods of one side, where a board fence was raised to the required height by a wire.

In one corner of the deer park, writes Mr. Raymond S. Spears, about three acres were fenced off to confine a ferocious bull elk of tall, rangy frame, whose horns every year were of fine growth and great length. In this enclosure there were two trees, which bore every year bushels of early sweet apples.

Those apples were the envy and the temptation of the passing village boys. They saw them hanging yellow on the branches. They broke one of the pickets, so they could squeeze through into the elk yard. Taking a club or chunk of wood, the boys would throw at the apples, and then would come a race.

When the bull elk heard the crash of the stick among the branches, he would awaken from his midday doze. If an apple fell, he would make a dash at top speed to seize it, for he liked the fruit as well as the boys did. With good luck a boy might escape with an apple or two. If the elk started early, however, the boy must slip back through the palings or else run the risk of being attacked by the big deer as soon as he had gobbled the apple. The boys always carried in a new club, and the ground was soon littered with chunks of wood.

Just across the street lived a family by the name of Duck. One day Mrs. Duck was sewing by the window when she called to her son, Jonathan: "What on earth is that elk doing? Can you tell?"

No small boys had come into the elk yard that day. The elk was under the apple trees. He was hooking his horns along the ground, and presently he had a fallen club balanced on his antlers. Carefully, he turned his tail to the tree, edged from under, and at a few feet away suddenly snapped his head up, and the stick crashed into the branches. With satisfaction, he went and picked up an apple that fell. The next time he threw too vigorously, and the club went clear over the top of the apple tree.

But every once in a while a club would go true, an apple or two would fall, and with every evidence of satisfaction the animal would eat it. The boy who saw the elk throwing clubs told me about it. He is my neighbor, right now. He never tried to study elk over the sights of a repeating rifle, yet I'll venture to remark that no meat hunter in the elk country ever restrained the trigger finger long enough to see a wild elk show its sagacity as plainly as this penned-in bull showed his.

Twanging Lyre for Liars

In literal agreement with the declaration of Rudyard Kipling that authors cannot tell a lie, Mark Twain wrote, "Never tell a lie" in an autobiography. He marked an asterisk at the end of the sentence and repeated the asterisk at the bottom of the page for a foot-note to call attention: "Except for practice."

To distinguish the relationship between lying and truth-telling is to "learn the liars." Offenses committed by culprits are, as a general rule, quickly found out by telling falsehoods to save their faces. No one can escape from a guilt-stricken conscience.

However, there is in many cases a modicum of truth with a lot of make-up imagination in most fishing stories ever told by modern disciples of Izaak Walton. CLARENCE A. BOXLEY. Troy, N. Y.

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Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1933

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by New York School for the Deaf, at 1633 Street and Riverside Drive) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-blessing sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base.
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Certification

MANY have been the protests from Missouri newspapers, as well as from eminent educators of the deaf, at the summary release of Superintendent Herbert E. Day of the Missouri School for the Deaf at Fulton. His flawless record during a period of eight years entitled him to be selected to succeed himself at the expiration of his official term, which is on the 1st of September next. There is still time for the Board to reconsider its decision before the meeting of its personnel on August 10th.

To obtain positions under the Federal Civil Service the applicant must pass a special examination in order to receive a certificate of eligibility. And recently President Roosevelt is said to have issued an order that holders of those certificates should not be removed from Federal positions and that new appointees should qualify in like manner.

School teachers of States are required to qualify by education and to pass examinations before being awarded certificates of ability to teach elementary and high school grades. The grade of Principal calls for an additional special examination to determine whether or not the applicant merits a certificate of that high grade. Failing to get a certificate is a complete bar to the aspirations of any applicant.

The Conference of Executives of American Schools for the Deaf issues Certificates for three grades of service at Schools for the Deaf in the United States. The highest is Grade A, and certifies that the holder of that grade is fitted by education, practical experience, and temperament, to be Superintendent (or Principal) of any school for the deaf. Without cause no holder of a teacher's or a principal's certificate should be removed. To ignore merit and substitute favor, is extremely likely to be detrimental to the educational welfare of the deaf. And the deaf, from their shut-in condition, more than any other group of people, must depend upon the intellectual light shed during school days in order to lead happy and useful lives.

It is reasonable to assume that the principle of certified fitness demanded for obtaining and holding positions in the Civil Service, and the strict requirements of teachers of hearing children who attend public schools, should also be applied with exacting neutrality to educators of the deaf.

Eugenics

THERE seems to be renewed activity in eugenics circles on the question that has long been agitated concerning the "unfit." This means any number of supposedly hereditary weaknesses, both physical and mental. Without claiming any special knowledge of the subject, the opinion so

often quoted in previous years, is that consanguineous (blood relations) marriages produce offspring that can often be classed as subnormal. In Germany it is proposed to sterilize, on the basis of advanced scientific knowledge, if it is decided that the probabilities are in favor of descendants inheriting severe bodily or mental handicaps.

By the will of Mrs. Ella E. Russell, who died on the 15th of December, 1932, among other bequests, the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes is given \$2,000.

DETROIT

Mr. Lawrence Kelley, who has been spending two weeks visiting with his old classmates, Mr. Jack Tarien, left last Saturday for his home in Rushville, Ind.

Master Paul Richey, a pupil of Columbus, O., School for the Deaf, is staying with his uncle and aunt Ramey, the rest of summer season.

Mr. David Disso, of Belleville, Ont., and his father are staying with the latter's brother and the family for the summer vacation.

Miss Marion Mann, of Flint, Mich., is enjoying a two weeks' vacation with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kubisch.

On July 16th the Catholic Association of the Deaf gave their annual picnic near the airport. It was well managed by Father Kauffman and the committee. The attendance was very large. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kauffman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith, of Ann Arbor, were out-of-town visitors. Mrs. Lawrence Lynch, of Bay City, was there.

The D. A. D. had its annual picnic at Palmer Park on July 23d, which was a grand success.

The M. A. D., Detroit Chapter, held its annual picnic at Belle Isle on July 22d. It was quite a good success, though the crowd was not very large. Mr. Gottlieb took some pictures of the crowd.

The St. John's Ladies' League will have an outing at Palmer Park on July 30th. Also remember the date for another outing at Belle Isle on August 12th, given by the St. John's Mission.

Mrs. C. C. Colby, of Washington, D. C., has been staying with her daughter, Violet, since last June. She seems to be in good health.

A miscellaneous wedding shower was given in honor of Miss Betty Cole at the D. A. D. Club Hall, by her young lady friends. Miss Cole is to be married to Mr. Slotoka this month.

Messrs. Ben and Ralph Beaver and their families left for somewhere in Illinois to attend the funeral of their mother, who passed away on July 20th, of dropsy. She was seventy-four years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Heymanson were in Flint on business with the M. A. D. officers last week.

Mrs. Anna Mohl has gone to Port Huron to visit friends for several weeks, after which she will return and stay with Mrs. Wicking's sister for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Strong, of Dexter, Mo., have moved to Pontiac to live with their son and the family. Mr. Strong gave an interesting reading in St. John's Church, where Rev. H. B. Waters holds service.

The C. A. D. had an outing picnic at Mr. Edward Johnson's summer cottage near New Baltimore on July 30th.

Mrs. L. MAY.

Queer Replies to University Quiz

Following are some of the replies received by the University of the State of New York in examinations for regents' certificates. Among those who wrote the replies were candidates for teachers' positions, for qualification to law, medical students and for admission to colleges:—

The chamois is valuable for its feathers; the whale, for its kerosene oil.

The feminine gender of friar is toastress.

There were no Christians among the early Gauls. They were mostly lawyers.

Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.

The purpose of the skeleton:—something to hitch meat to.

The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the outside have been taken off.

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix.

George Washington married Martha Curtis and in due time became the father of his country.

Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.

The stomach is just south of the ribs.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

The rosetto stone was a missionary to Turkey.—Selected.

FANWOOD

Time flies!! Vacation time is half over with the coming of August, and in a little over a month the pupils will be trooping back again. But some have had enough of leisure already and come down to visit the old school grounds now and then.

At Fanwood vacation time does not mean leisure, as it is then that most everything is renovated, and necessary changes made, to be in full readiness before the Fall term begins. A visitor last week would be surprised at the great bustle of activity, as a flotilla of heavy trucks were coming to and fro, putting into the coal bins our winter's supply of coal, amounting to nearly 400 tons.

The officers' dining room floor is being scraped, which would be a comparatively easy process if the room were empty, but as three meals a day have to be served there without interruption, the task becomes somewhat of a problem. Tables and chairs are being moved around all the time, and to some it becomes an interesting game of hunting your place.

Those who breakfast near the west radiator are most likely to lunch next to the pantry door and finish the evening meal under the clock at the north end. However, the floor will get finished in due time and things run on smoothly again, and Mr. Enlow will be able to find his accustomed seat without difficulty, and reach for the table condiments with his customary aplomb.

A great improvement in the Vocational Building is the removal of the wooden stairways at the west end, which have not been used for a good many years. The space gained gives the gymnasium additional office and dressing room facilities. The printing office and carpenter shop are likewise benefited with more room. The work was done entirely by our carpenters, Messrs. Sosidka and Bukoff.

Another large project just completed is the painting of the walls and ceilings of the halls in the main building, including the rotunda and winding stairway that extends up three stories. Painted in cream and white, the halls seem very much brighter in the reflected light.

An important change for the commissary department is the removal of the old wooden iceboxes and the installation of modern steel and enamel units with a Fridgidaire outfit to do the refrigeration.

Vacationists continue to come and go, one sure indication of those just back is the healthy coat of tan exhibited. One of the latest to go is Miss Agnes Craig, Assistant Matron, who as usual heads out to her beloved Magnolia, Pa.

Superintendent Skyberg was back at his office for a few days last week to attend to business matters, and reports good doings at his new summer home upstate, not very far from Albany, especially for his two daughters.

Capt. and Mrs. C. Altenderfer recently returned for a week, before starting on the latter half of their vacation. Those in the know can safely guess their destination is where the mountain streams ripple along.

Mr. William Renner bobs up for a couple of days each week, being a sort of vacation commuter to the Catskills, where his family spend the summer.

Matron Mary Muirhead has returned from an enjoyable two weeks atop the Adirondacks, and another two weeks along the seashore at East Luquoque, L. I.

One familiar face that is greatly missed around the school is that of Major William H. Van Tassel, who is usually one of the busiest individuals at this time of the year. Some time last month our Assistant Superintendent was taken ill with lumbago and other complications, set in, which necessitated his remaining in bed a couple of weeks, and this is quite irksome for a busy man. Latest reports indicate he is able to sit up, and the best wishes of the personnel go with him for a speedy recovery and return to his desk.

The printing office, which is open during the summer, is always a shrine for summer visitors to the city. They usually find Editor Hodgson at his desk during the mornings, looking quite cool even during the hot weather, with a cheery smile to greet them. Mr. Hodgson contemplates a trip to Cape Cod in Massachusetts with his daughter, Mrs. Ehrhart, and his grandson, Randall, next week.

Mr. Anthony Capelle, who retired after over thirty years as assistant instructor in the printing office, still loves the smell of printer's ink and is a regular weekly caller at the JOURNAL office, bringing along news items for the New York column.

Those of the pupils working during the summer are Messrs. Louis Johnson and John Kowalczyk, who are taking turns for a week or two. This week they are Oscar Norfius and Ivan Bell.

Reports have it that Frank Lux, our physical director, has gone to Miami Beach, Fla., with his wife for a month, using his new Ford V8 to take them and enjoy the scenery en route.

An Orphaned Blackbird

The English naturalist, the late W. H. Hudson, performed in his writings much the same service in America. This typical little nature story is taken from his book, *Hampshire Days*. The bad weather, wrote Mr. Hudson, brought to our little plot of ground a young blackbird, which had evidently been thrown on the world too early in life. During those cold, windy, wet days we observed him there diligently searching in his poor, slow little way. He would strike his beak into the loose ground, making a little hop forward at the same time to give force to the stroke, and throw up about as much earth as would cover a shilling-piece; then he would gaze attentively at the spot and after a couple of seconds hop and strike again; and finally, if he could see nothing to eat, he would move on a few inches and begin again in another place. That was all his art—his one poor little way of getting a living; and it was plain to see from his bedraggled appearance and feeble motions that he was going the way of most young orphaned birds.

Now, I hate playing at providence among the creatures, but we cannot be rid of pity; and there are exceptional cases in which a man feels justified in putting out a helping hand. So, anxious to give the poor bird a chance by putting him in a sheltered place and feeding him up, I set about catching him, but could not lay hands on him, for he was still able to fly a little and always managed to escape pursuit among the brambles or else in the hedges by the waterside. Half an hour after being hunted he would be back on the edge of the lawn prodding the ground in the old feeble, futile way. And the scraps of food I cunningly placed for him he disregarded, not knowing in his ignorance what was good for him. Then I got a supply of small earthworms and, stalking him, tossed them so as to cause them to fall near him, and he saw and knew what they were and swallowed them hungrily; and he saw too that they were thrown to him by a hand, and that the hand was part of that same huge gray-clad monster that had a little while back so furiously hunted him; and at once he seemed to understand the meaning of it all and instead of flying from us he ran to meet us, and, recovering his voice, called to be fed. The experience of one day made him a tame bird; on the second day he knew that bread and milk, stewed plums, piecrust and in fact anything we had to give was good for him; and in the course of the next two or three days he acquired a useful knowledge of our habits.

Thus, at half three in the morning he would begin calling to be fed at the bedroom window. If no notice was taken of him, he would go away to try and find something for himself and return at five o'clock when breakfast was in preparation and place himself before the kitchen door. Usually he got a small snack then; and at the breakfast hour—six o'clock—he would turn up at the dining-room window and get a substantial meal. Dinner and tea time—twelve and half past three o'clock—found him at the same spot; but he was often hungry between meals, and he would then sit before one door or window and call, then move to the next door, and so on until he had been all round the cottage. It was most amusing to see him when on our return from a long walk or a day out he would come to meet us, screaming excitedly, bounding over the lawn with long hops, looking like a miniature very dark-colored kangaroo.

One day I came back alone to the cottage and sat down on the lawn in a canvas chair to wait for my companions who had the key. The blackbird had seen and came flying to me and, pitching close to my feet, began crying to be fed, shaking his wings and dancing in a most excited state, he had been left a good many hours without food and was hungry. As I moved not in my chair, he presently ran round and began screaming and fluttering on the other side of it, thinking, I suppose, that he had gone to the wrong place, and that by addressing himself to the back of my head he would quickly get an answer.

The action of this bird in coming to be fed naturally attracted a good deal of attention among the feathered people about us; they would look on at a distance, evidently astonished and much puzzled at our bird's boldness in coming to our feet. But nothing dreadful happened to him, and little by little they began to lose their suspicion; and first a robin—the robin is always first—then the other blackbirds to the number of seven, and then chaffinches and dunlocks, all began to grow tame and to attend regularly at mealtime to have a share in anything that was going.

The most lively, active and quarrelsome member of this company was our now glossy founding; and it troubled us to think that in feeding him we were but staying off the evil day when he would have to fend for himself. But our fears were idle. The seven wild blackbirds that had formed a habit of coming to share his food were all young birds, and as time went on and the hedge fruit began to ripen we noticed that they kept more and more together.

Our bird, as a member of this little company, must have quickly picked

ed up from the others all that was necessary for him to know, and at last it was plain for us, from his behavior at the cottage, that he was doing very well for himself. He was often absent most of the day with the others, and on his return late in the afternoon he would pick over the good things placed for him in a leisurely way, selecting a morsel here and there and eating more out of complacency to us, as it seemed, than because he was hungry. But up to the very last when he had grown as hardy and strong on the wing as any of his wild companions, he kept up his acquaintance with and confidence in us; and even at night when I would go out where most of our wild birds roosted in the trees and bushes growing in a vast old chalk pit close to the cottage and call "Blackie," instantly there would be a response—a softly chuckled note like a sleepy "Good night," thrown back to me out of the darkness.

In America's Biggest City

The biggest city in America—New York City—sees many strange things every day and every week. And because men keep records and others like statistics and figures, a few of these interesting truths are made known. Here are some of them:—

Two hundred and sixty-six train loads of food, or a number that would reach from New York to Philadelphia, are needed to feed the people of the city for a week.

It takes five hundred million gallons of water each day to satisfy this great city. If this amount of water was divided up in quarts, it would give a quart to every man, woman and child on the face of the earth.

There are more than twice as many people riding on the subway, the elevated and the surface cars, as ride on all the steam railroads of the whole nation put together.

More than one-third of the population of the United States entered the Grand Central Station last year.

If the streets of New York were placed end to end, they would reach to San Francisco and half-way back again. The parks and playgrounds would cover more than 8,703 acres.

There are enough Italians in the city to make a city the size of Los Angeles; one the size of Milwaukee could be populated by Austrians from New York. The Irish would fill two cities the size of Baltimore and Albany.

It costs New York \$225,000 every day for the education of its children in the public schools.

There are seventeen million books taken from the libraries every year.—*W. V. Wilson in Boys' Weekly.*

"Why Dixie?"

When and why was the name "Dixie" first applied to the Southern States of our country? Brewer's Handbook, which is a mine of curious information on an infinite variety of subjects, has an explanation that strikes everyone who read it as absurd. According to Dr. Brewer, there was once a merchant named Dixie, who lived and owned slaves on Manhattan Island. He removed with his slaves to the South, and the negroes found their life there as field hands so much harder than it had been on Manhattan Island that they thought and sang of their happier days in "Dixie's Land."

This explanation is singularly labored and unconvincing. No one except Dr. Brewer takes any stock in it. It has been suggested that Dixie has something to do with Mason and Dixon's line between the Free States and the Slave States, but that also sounds unlikely.

In New Orleans they say the name came from the old paper currency issued by the Citizen's Bank of that city. Those notes, which were always worth face value, even during the epidemic of "wildcat money" in the thirties, were printed both in English and French. The ten-dollar bills bore the French word *dix* conspicuously on the back and were called "dixies." So, runs the story, Louisiana and then the entire Southland became known as Dixie Land—the land of the "dixies."

That story has a more plausible sound than the others, but we are not quite sure whether we can accept it.—*Ex.*

Are Commas Important

A pupil was having trouble with punctuation and was being called down by the teacher.

"Never mind, son," said a school visitor. "It's foolish to bother about commas. They don't amount to much anyway."

"Don't they?" replied the teacher, turning to the president. Then she directed the boy to write on the board this sentence: "The president of the board says the teacher is a fool."

"Now," she continued, "put a comma after 'board' and another after 'teacher.'—Clipped from *The Canadian.*"

The value of reading ability in the education of the deaf cannot be over-emphasized. The child who can read rapidly and easily has unlimited means of acquiring information for himself, increasing his vocabulary and acquiring new language.—*Selected.*

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will go the rest.

BRONX FRATS' PICNIC

Perhaps old timers will recall that New York contained many beautiful private parks, where societies and clubs used to hold their annual picnics during the summer. Today where many existed in Manhattan, none remains.

In the Bronx there's still several, but with limited space. The baseball field and cinder path are no more.

These places now contain large halls, which can be used both in winter as well as in summer for dancing, and back of these there is a garden with tables and benches, to spread lunches.

The above description fits the Loeffler's Park and Casino at 2061 Westchester Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., where the Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., held its annual picnic last Saturday afternoon and evening, July 29th.

About half of the members of this Division were on hand early, and had arranged everything for the day and evening.

Treasurer Frank Rubano and J. F. Graham were stationed at the entrance to receive the pastboard of admission and receive cash for those who had not purchased their tickets in advance.

At the back of the place, where the garden proper is, Chairman Matty Blake had set up a bar, where good Bronx beer was dispensed at a nickel per glass. Here James Cail and another of the members officiated, and did a rushing business all afternoon and evening.

The disappointment of the day was the non-appearance of the Newark and Jersey City Divisions to contest for the bowling championship against the Bronx Division, who hold the championship for 1932.

In the afternoon there were not many present, but almost after dusk they began to come in, and with the added attendance it began to re-assemble a real picnic.

Those in the garden felt comfortable under the shade trees, for outside the thermometer registered over 90.

Among those from a distance to attend, were noted Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis Brown, of Walton, N. Y. Mr. Brown was educated at the St. Joseph's (Westchester) School for the Deaf, and met many acquaintances at the picnic. Mrs. Brown was educated at the Fanwood school. Her maiden name was Mary Denham.

At school she was a champion high jumper in athletic games.

Another out-of-towner was Mr. Irving B. Lindenbaum, of Los Angeles, Cal. He was educated under the pure oral system. He is only able to use the manual alphabet and a few signs. He has been in New York the past three weeks, coming here with his father and mother to visit relatives, whom they had not seen for seven years. On their way to New York they stopped in Chicago for several days to take in the World's Fair.

Mr. Irving B. Lindenbaum is a sophomore in the University of California. He will return home on the first of September, in time to be present at the opening of next term at the California University.

The Committee Arrangements of the Picnic were Matty Blake (chairman), J. F. Graham, Frank Rubano, J. Collins, Wm. Hausen, James Cail, Zearo, Bohn and DiGiovanni.

The Bronx Frats are offered as follows for the year 1933: President, Albert Lazar; Vice-President, Mr. Bohn; Secretary, Louis Sacaroni; Treasurer, Frank Rubano; Sergeant, Owen Coyne.

Robert Fielder is somewhat of a baseball fan. He often discusses the fine plays made by players at games. He is loud to condemn bad plays. But as a player he himself not only caused a laugh, but his performance on Saturday, July 23d, when he was the first batter up on the Lexington graduate team that opposed the Fanwood graduate team, is still being talked of. He made a single, and could have walked to first base easily, but he didn't do that, instead he ran to third base, and before he could run to first base, the ball was relayed by the fielder to the first baseman of the Fanwoods, and he was declared out. Now Mr. Robert Fielder no longer talks about baseball.

The New York *Daily News* of Saturday, July 29th, had a fine write-up of Mr. George Sherman's newsstand at 32d Street and 6th Avenue. Among other things it stated that this corner was the information bureau for any deaf stranger. Quite right; for deaf from different parts during the day drop in for a few moments, and there's sure to be some one to direct a stranger anywhere, and besides George Sherman, a born New Yorker, is able to direct anybody to different parts of the city, watering places, etc., etc., and what is more he has already done so lots of times. Geo. Sherman was educated at Fanwood school. The news-stand was bequeathed to him on the death of his mother, and since then the business has increased threefold, having for sale all kinds of magazines and city papers, as well as papers of other cities and many foreign papers.

The Deaf Lutheran Guild will have a picnic in Forest Park at Woodhaven Boulevard, Woodhaven, L. I., on Sunday (all day) August 13th. Refreshments and drinks will be on sale. There will be good games with fine prizes to winners.

To get to the park, take elevated train "Jamaica" from Chambers St. Station and get off at Woodhaven Boulevard and 95th St. Station and then walk up about three blocks to Forest Park. The admission is fifteen cents. All are welcome to come and have a good time.

Mrs. John O'Brien is now in Chicago, Ill., to remain for a month. John will go there on or about August 21st, in his car, and after a two weeks' stay, will bring Mrs. O'Brien home. On his trip to Chicago Mr. O'Brien may have your scribe as a passenger.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis Brown, of Walton, N. Y., have been in the city for some time, revisiting old scenes. On Friday they called at Fanwood, where Mrs. Brown, as Mary Denham, was a pupil some ten years ago. Mr. Brown graduated from the Westchester school, and is a printer on the Walton weekly paper.

Mr. Frank J. Lux died from a complication of stomach troubles on Saturday, July 22d. Interment was at the Ridgewood Cemetery at Paramus, N. J. He is survived by his widow and two sons, William and Frank, the latter being Physical Director at the Fanwood school.

Jack Seltzer had a wrist watch, not expensive but for the past several years it kept good time. He has it no longer. It now lies at the bottom of the River at Roton Point Beach. It slipped from his wrist while he was telling a funny story to an admiring group of the boys.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bothner are spending the summer in Archbold, Pa., till Labor Day. Their sons and daughter-in-laws will join them and motor to the Adirondack Mountains to spend a week.

BORN—On Thursday, July 27th, 1933, a baby-girl, weighing 7 pounds and 5 ounces, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ebin. Mother and babe are doing well.

Mrs. Grace P. Plourd is again residing at West Springfield, Mass., as the house in which she lived has been rebuilt after it was destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Plant, mother of Mrs. Sorina Smith, died on the 15th of July.

Electrical Injuries

Injuries caused by electricity, whether lightning or the city current, may superficially resemble ordinary burns, especially when contact is long continued and sparking of the tissues is maintained, but they often differ in several respects from the lesions that extreme heat, either dry or moist, produces. The skin is a nonconductor and offers considerable resistance to the passage of a current; thus heat may be generated at the points of entrance and exit, and the tissues beneath may be destroyed. The injury is the same whether the current is constant or alternating.

When the tissues are not destroyed by the heat they are killed for a greater or lesser distance round the track of the electricity, and dry gangrene results. The blood in the arteries and the veins coagulates, thus causing thrombosis, and so adding the danger of embolism in the brain if a small piece of the clot in one of the plugged arteries should detach itself and be carried to the minute arteries in the brain. In some cases when the blood vessels at the root of a limb are stopped up by the coagulation of their contents the parts below from which circulation has been cut off may die and become the seat of moist gangrene and sloughing of the tissues.

If the current is not very powerful, the injuries sometimes are confined mainly to the skin. In such cases the epidermis is raised and in places detached in strips of irregular patches. The surface is gray or grayish white, with here and there bluish or grayish-black spots. Sometimes there are grayish or pale reddish streaks that look like the scare of a healed cut. The skin may be discolored by electrolytic action; for example, contact with copper wire may leave a bluish-green discoloration.

As a rule there is little or no pain in the injured parts, though there may be pain later during healing. When the "burn" is superficial, healing occurs promptly; the top layers of the skin peel off, and new skin promptly replaces them. The resulting scar is soft and does not contract, as a scar that follows a real burn contracts. The treatment is usually what physicians call "expectant"; that is, making the patient as comfortable as possible and treating any symptoms as they arise.

John Duffy, 31, a penniless and unemployed deaf-mute, whose friend, James W. Butler, 26, also a deaf-mute, was injured fatally in a train accident recently, will report the death to Butler's relatives in Philadelphia after he completes a 3,000-mile hitch-hike. Yesterday he left Bakersfield, Cal., on foot. He expects to locate his late friend's relatives, whose exact address in Philadelphia he does not know.—*Bronx Home News.*

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Adelaide Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. W. W. Scott, accompanied by a party of five anglers, motored out to Mud Lake, Head Lake and Lake Simcoe, to make a haul of the finny tribe over the week-end of July 15th, and our friend, Billy, had his usual good luck with a nice string of bass. On returning to the city, the whole party took a refreshing swim in the cooling waters at Jackson's Point.

Miss Martha Cunningham and her parents, who have been, as is their custom, staying in Florida during the winters and in the Georgian Bay district during the summer periods, were on their annual pilgrimage to their cottage at Waubesa and stopped over for a brief spell, and had dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crawley.

Mr. Dennis Armes, of Hamilton, was a visitor to old schoolmates here over the week-end of July 22d.

Mrs. Herbert W. Roberts, who has been laid up with a severe attack of shingles, is now fast recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrell and two children were recently down calling on friends in Bewdley and Peterboro. While in the "Lift Lock City," they had the pleasure of meeting many of their dear friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney R. Walker went up to Hamilton for a visit to the latter's brother and his family, and in the meantime took in the annual picnic of the Hamilton deaf at Dundurn Park and also visited many points of interest around that part.

While up here recently on a visit to relatives and friends, Mr. Alex. McLaren, of Smith's Falls, came upon an incident that was of more than passing notice, and this was the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Isabella Morse, one of his old schoolmates in the long ago, whom he had not seen for over sixty-five years. Recognition at first of one another was not savory of perfection, but when this was finally done, you can readily imagine their astonishment and delight, and were it not for the laws of etiquette, they would still be talking of what transpired during this long span.

Mr. Donald Bridgen Crawley, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crawley, commenced his two weeks' vacation on July 22d, and immediately left for Lake Couchiching near, Orillia, where he spent the first week under canvas and indulging in seashore pastimes. With a party of friends, he put in the other week at Ward's Resort on Toronto Island, and had great times at both places.

After attending the big Hamilton picnic on July 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrell motored out next day to Dunnville, where they had a very pleasant time with Mr. and Mrs. Asa Forrester and family, and in the meantime called on the Foster sisters and their dear brother, who live within sighing distance of the Forresters.

After enjoying a week's holidays at his wife's parental home at Wellandport and other points of interest in that locality, Mr. W. W. Scott, along with his wife and daughter, who had been down that way for over a month, came over to Queenstown on July 22d, to attend our annual picnic, then returned home with the jolly crowd.

It was generally surmised that Mr. Fred Crawley had been retired by the Canada Steel Wares Co. of Swansea, and was enjoying a well-earned superannuation rest, but such is erroneous. Our good friend, Fred, was found to be a strong man yet and this company, for whom he has worked for many years past, found he was too valuable to let loose, so have been holding him on his job for so long. Fred's honesty and industrious habits speak well of him.

At this writing, Mrs. Frank E. Harris is enjoying herself at her parental home in Kitchener. We trust she enjoys her much needed rest to the full, for she has been one of the busiest dressmakers and her work is always pleasing.

Miss Ada James, of St. Thomas, came down and took in our annual picnic on July 22d, and afterwards visited with friends here for a while. Her rendering of two solos at our service on July 23d, was beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timpon, of Mimico, came down and spent July 22d at "Mora Glen." From the latter we learned that her father, Mr. Charles McLaren, was improving nicely following his recent heat prostration.

Miss Irene Cowan, of London, who has been taking a professional teaching course at Normal School here, is now in the throes of her examination and here's hoping she clears the barrier. She is well-known to the deaf everywhere, for she loves to mingle with them and act as interpreter if needs be.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell, of Birch Cliffe, recently entertained a large number of prominent hearing friends at their cosy home. Though deaf, the Bells are very popular in many hearing societies. This party was gotten up in honor of Lionel's brother, Ernest, who was then visiting them from far off South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cameron, of Cleveland, O., while on a visit to the latter's home in Belleville recently,

stopped over at Birch Cliffe to see Mrs. Cameron's sister, Mrs. Lionel Bell, but the Bells were away, so the Cleveland visitors continued on to Belleville and here they found Mr. and Mrs. Bell at the old homestead, and what a happy family reunion there was with Mr. Ernest A. Bell, of Durban, South Africa, included.

The annual picnic of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf was held on July 22d, to Queenstown Heights, amid ideal weather, conditions, though the heat was rather oppressive. The attendance was far below the normal and is said to be the smallest on record, and as a result we were left in a hole—financially speaking. However, those who went certainly had a good time. A feature of this outing was the presence of over a score of deaf friends from Niagara Falls, LaSalle, Buffalo, N. Y., and other points.

The parents of Mrs. Emrys J. Crocker, who have been living in Cleveland, O., for a long time past, have just returned to this city for good and are now living in their old home on Westmoreland Avenue.

Our service on July 23d was conducted by the Rev. Georg Almo, who gave a good sermon on "The Most High Priest," referring to Christ as the only one in the Highest, and why Paul accorded Him such high honor. Among us mortals there is no one higher in any way than our Divine Master, Yet He humbled Himself to the lowest possible degree, in order that we might be elevated into His Presence in the Highest. Rev. Mr. Almo also gave a beautiful Swedish solo, in translative English form. Miss Ada James also brightened the service by gracefully rendering "Saviour Help Us In Our Weakness," following the sermon, and after the offering, she again chanted the solo, "Peace, Perfect Peace," that was neatly done.

It was a great pleasure to her numerous friends here to meet Miss Mary McQueen, of Guelph, once more. At the solicitation of her friend, Mrs. Emrys J. Crocker, Miss McQueen came down in the evening of July 21st, in order to accompany the jolly picnickers across the lake to Queenstown Heights next morning, where she enjoyed a great day of pleasure. Those who did not attend the picnic greeted her right and left at her church that Sunday ere she left for her home that evening via Arrow Bus. Quick to catch the occasion, Acting Superintendent Frank E. Harris expressed, from the church platform, our warmest sympathy to Miss McQueen, upon the recent death of her beloved mother. Mr. Harris alluded to the deceased as a true Christian and loving mother, who was very well-known and highly regarded among the deaf.

In a recent article in the JOURNAL, in reference to the deceased, the writer regrets he made a slight error. She was buried at Fergus, and not Elora, and that she passed away on June 7th last, on Mary's very birthday, so whenever Mary's natal days come she will think of her mother dear.

Mr. Lionel H. Bell, of Birch Cliffe, was more than overwhelmed with joy to receive a visit from his baby brother, Mr. Ernest A. Bell, who came all the way from far off Durban, in South Africa, to see Lionel and other relatives and friends in Canada, and when he left again on his long homeward trail not a few tears were shed. During Ernie's stay here he was lavishly entertained by Lionel and his wife. The latter had never seen him before, and Lionel had not seen either for a good many years. They took him for a long motor trip, first to Brantford, Woodstock and London, then to St. Thomas and Port Stanley, then to Simcoe, where they called on our friend, Mrs. B. B. Baillie. Next they made for Niagara Falls, and put up at Mrs. Heaslip's, a cousin of our friend, Mrs. W. W. Scott, who knows the parents of Mrs. Bell and the Wallbridge family in Belleville. Returning from the falls, they made a brief call at Hamilton, then at Oakville to see Mrs. R. M. Thomas and the Cunninghams. Later on the Bells took their brother down to Trenton, Foxboro, Thurlow and Belleville, to visit Mrs. Bell's relatives. Before taking final leave, their brother, Ernest, presented Lionel and Florence with valuable English and African souvenirs in the form of gold and silver pieces.

After a short visit to the latter's parental home in Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cameron left again for Cleveland, O., on July 23d, taking her parents along with them for a week's visit in Uncle Sam's domains. On the way they made an early morning call on their sister and daughter, Mrs. Lionel Bell, who entertained them for breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Bell motored up to Niagara Falls on July 30th, to meet her parents on their return from Cleveland, and who remained at Birch Cliffe for a while.

Miss Beulah Wilson has gone to work as a maid at Elgin House, Muskoka, for the season.

LONDON LEAVES

Save up your pennies and come to our great picnic at Springbank Park on Labor Day.

As many say it is the most important event of the year among the deaf, those in charge intend to make it more interesting and enjoyable than ever before.

And for goodness sake be sure and afternoon service on September 3d, come to our expected huge Sunday

when the Rev. Georg Almo of Stockholm, Sweden, will be the chief speaker, accompanied by hymn reciting talent.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bell, of St. Thomas, accompanied by the latter's boy cousin, were calling on their many friends in this city on July 10th.

Mr. John Fisher motored down to Hamilton on July 15th, to visit his relatives and incidentally took in the big picnic of the deaf of that city, and enjoyed the time to the full, and besides, Mr. Fisher took to and fro, Miss Reta Windrim, of this city; Mrs. Margaret Nahrung, of this city; and Miss Jva Hughes and Mr. Charles A. Ryan, of Woodstock, to enjoy a day of unalloyed pleasure.

By the way friend "Jawn" is a true and liberal obliger as far as giving "tips" to his friends is concerned, and there are not a few who are ever ready to vouch for this.

The friends of Mrs. Thomas Garriety (nee Huntley), extend sincere condolence to her upon the recent passing away of her father at the Byron sanatorium.

Now that the Rev. Georg Almo has arrived in Canada at last, we are expecting him here to conduct our service on September 3d, and if present indications are and criterion, a record breaking crowd is sure to be on hand.

Our service at the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, July 9th, was of special interest, inasmuch as we had Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of Hamilton, who in a fluent and inspiring sermon captured all eyes in close attention. She has a very clear and vivid expression and her gestures were very pronounced. The attendance, too, was exceptionally large.

On June 30th, while playing in hard baseball game with the colored team of the Hotel London nine and the Argyle Park team at the Trafalgar Diamond, and in the presence of over three thousand fans, our versatile player, Herbert Wilson, third baseman of the Colored Nine, met with a serious injury, that may incapacitate him for the rest of the season. While running to first base at the height of a scoring rally, he accidentally collided with the opposite guardian of that sack, and as a result was laid out with two broken tendons in his left ankle. He was conveyed to Victoria Hospital and may have to remain for some time, but we are glad to hear he is now progressing favorably towards complete recovery. The London Mission have sent flowers and other gifts to cheer him up, for which Herb feels very grateful.

The products from the Eames farm near St. Thomas, must be of a high standard, for Mrs. Eames is noticed very often at our local market with large quantities of the farm staples, which find ready purchasers that tell of its high quality. Our friend, Carl Eames, occasionally comes up to help his parents and greet old friends.

WESTERN WAFTINGS

Another old Belleville schoolboy of the west has come into the public notice lately. Mr. George Young, who has been a trusted employee of the forestry station at Sutherland, Sask., for the past ten years, has been given his ticket of discharge for no other reason than to make room for a returned soldier. What an abominable injustice has been done him, and in spite of the vigorous protest lodged by the President of the Western Canada Association of the Deaf, on his behalf, the Federal Government would not alter its decision. It is a well-known fact that the deaf, no matter how physically fit, were willing to serve over-seas, in fact a good many of them, yet their hearing deficit was in the way, contended the Government, and now, in the opinion of the majority of fair-minded Canadian citizenry, the deaf should be in the same category as the returned men. We sympathize with Mr. Young in his loss of a honest job which he was ably filling when the axe fell.

Enuf said, so revert for a while or until more news drifts in.

Just across the American boundary at Grand Forks, N. D., there has just arrived a bouncing baby boy to increase the family of Mr. and Mrs. Georg Nordhagen, which includes the parents and three healthy young sons.

The officers of the Western Canada Association of the Deaf, would like their fellow deaf in Eastern Canada and particularly Ontario to bank up their loose money until the summer of 1935, and be-line it to their big convention at Saskatoon, where they will be right royally entertained. It is generally noted that our eastern brethren have been marked absentees from our past conventions.

IN THE LONG AGO

Mr. Allan Nahrung, now of Kitchener, had a very lucrative position in Elmira, Ont., about thirty-one years ago. How he wished he could work at such a job now, with such high pay as prevailed at that time.

Mr. Hamilton McBride, of Westmeath, and Miss Ida Justus, of Bobcaygeon, were married at the bride's home in the fall thirty-one years ago. The bride of that day has long since passed away, and Mr. McBride is married again.

Miss Violet Rose Smith and Mr. Charles Hubert Bundy, both of Toronto, were united in wedlock thirty-one years ago this coming October 15th. They are still living in the "Queen City" and are now grandparents. The bride of threescore years is the eldest daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. John Lister Smith, of Toronto, who are still enjoying their sunset of life in peace and contentment.

Mr. Stephen Edwards, of Toronto, was working as a printer for the Llewellyn Press at Bloor and Bathurst Streets, over thirty years ago. This firm has now gone on the rocks.

Thirty-two years ago, the late Arthur Cullen, of Cobourg, was working in a cigar factory in Toronto, and preferred it to barbering. Were he with us today, the barbering business would be paying far better.

Thirty-one years ago, there were four deaf friends, then living in the beautiful town of Tilsonburg. They were Arthur Barton, Fred Barnard, Charles French and Miss Ethel Swayze. Today Mr. Barnard is still there and married, Miss Swayze later married to Mr. William Roman, of Toronto, but died many years ago. Where Messrs Barton and French are today, we would like to know, if still living.

GENERAL CLEANINGS

Mr. Edward Pilgrim, of Niagara Falls, Ont., is at this writing visiting at his wife's old home in Port Arthur, and is with his only son, who has been there for the past two years.

From all reports we are so pleased to hear of the increasing business that Mr. Asa Forrester is meeting with in his lately established shoe repairing shop in Dunnville. As Asa is an old Dunnvillite, he is well-known in that town and throughout that neighborhood. Here is hoping his business will increase doubtless.

Mr. Cecil Terrell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrell, of Toronto, is now a government fire ranger, stationed at a point in Manitoba and in a letter to his parents gives glowing accounts of his duties and of conditions up that way. This point is close to the Manitoba and Ontario boundary line, surrounded by dense forest lands over which much wild life abounds.

In a letter received the other day by Herbert W. Roberts from Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, Editor in Chief of the JOURNAL, the latter expresses, in regretful tones, of his inability to visit Canada, and more especially Toronto, this summer, as was his most desired wish. The deaf over here will regret to learn of this for Mr. Hodgson is well known to the deaf throughout the world, and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were in high hopes of entertaining him, but now they must wait. However, we hope this popular JOURNAL Editor will see a way clear to slip over here in the not distant future. He can feel assured of a hearty welcome when he comes.

At a huge picnic held on July 15th, at Mimico, Mrs. George J. Timpon won two first prizes in the married women's races, and her second son, Walter, duplicated the very same in the boys' races. The Timpon home is now adorned with scores of prize souvenirs.

Ever since the St. Thomas Branch of the Ontario Mission started its work hardly more than a year ago, it has not only been a pronounced success with growing results, but has met all expenses with a handsome surplus. The members of this mission have been ever alert to its expanding influence, especially Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bell, who have been catering to its needs in various ways, and their cosy home on Balclutha Street has always been the sheltering abode of all outside speakers, whom they not only warmly welcomed, but refused any remuneration in return, calling it a pleasure to do so in His Name. Mr. and Mrs. Bell certainly deserve the warmest thanks of all for such generous contribution to a worthy cause.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Read Minister's Lips

MARRIED—On May 22, 1933, Miss Jessie Best to Mrs. Harry Puddy.

Beyond noting, perhaps, that the minister was a very slow and deliberate speaker, a passer-by entering St. Andrew's Church yesterday afternoon shortly after 2:30, would not have noticed anything unusual about the wedding ceremony that was taking place there.

The ceremony was unique in Launceston. The bride and the bridegroom were deaf and dumb, but such is the value of modern specialised training, that they followed the service fully intelligent of its wording, and gave their responses just when necessary without any prompting.

The Rev. J. L. Hulse, who officiated, was greatly impressed with the results of the modern training of the deaf and dumb. "I spoke slower than usual," he said, "and was particularly careful in the matter of articulation. By means of lip-reading the bride and bridegroom knew every word I said. I was astonished at the promptness with which their responses came."

Thinking to save any embarrassing hesitation during the service, the minister had the wedding service type-written, and just before the ceremony handed a copy to the bridegroom, who, smiling, folded it and put it in his pocket.

"Without doubt lip and sign reading in this age has enabled the dumb to speak and the deaf to hear," Mr. Hulse remarked, "and it is comforting to know that in Tasmania we have an institution which gives this

power to those who would otherwise be isolated to a very great extent from their fellow-beings.

"It may be interesting to many people to know," Mr. Hulse added, "that through the good offices of Dr. P. D. Smith services are held regularly in the Gospel Hall, Tamar-street, for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, who assist most devoutly."—Launceston (Australia) Examiner.

CHICAGO

The misfortune is that when there is a really good thing to be had, one has to go far for it. This was true of the annual picnic of Chicago Division, No. 106, at Worth, Ill., having already taken place Sunday, July 23d. It had everything in its favor, but it was far enough to be inaccessible, except for those who owned cars and for the free bus service between the car line and the grove, thoughtfully provided by this lodge.

Of the crowd that went there, a little more than half of them came by their own cars, proving that distance was a factor fully reckoned with. The grove is large enough to hold 2,000 people, even if it is self-endorsed and surrounded by farm fields and woods and thickets. Through this ground meanders a thin brook, pebbles conspicuously protruberant above its yellowish flow.

In the open fields, inside of the grove, but not outside, mark you, three separate teams played baseball and romped happily, carefree all afternoon, until about 8:30 p.m. One of the teams was made up entirely of girls, four of whom wore shorts, from which they gained great freedom of movement. The possessors of the shorts were Misses Hartman and Miller, Mrs. Ed. Felliger and Miss Gordon Rice's friend.

Even races and old-fashioned games were put through enthusiastically and enjoyably. One of them was called the "honeymoon race;" a couple, a boy and girl, endeavoring to show the utmost speed in unpacking suitcases, dressing up, getting packs ready, opening up the umbrella, riding 100 feet away and back, undressing, and then packing up. So many ties occurred that Solomon, being absent, there was no one able to cut the gordian knot. Consequently all the couples who entered the race first entered it a second time—gladly and gleefully.

The lowest time recorded by the racers in the first games was forty-three seconds. However, the second game showed forty-one seconds, the lowest time having been achieved by Morris Hertzberg and a girl friend, who received prizes.

The very same day, Palmiro Colagrossi, a Beiderite, and Mary Vanaria, a Parkerite, were wedded. The reception was held at the West Side Auditorium, Racine and Taylor Avenues. A large number of both hearing and deaf friends were invited.

The S. A. C. has set a definite date for its Saturday party, the date being August 12th, and the place, Lutheran Church for the Deaf, 1400 North Ridgeway Avenue. Games of all kinds are permissible, wherever there are four to make a table, such as "500," bridge, bunco, pinocchio. Twenty-five cents is charged, and cash prizes will be given. The backers are Misses Betty Plonshinski and Beda Erickson.

According to F. Johnson, the Pas-Pas Club has had no activities since fire destroyed part of its building last April. The club may consider moving its headquarters to another hall in the heart of this city next fall, for convenience of being approached by street cars and elevated railroad trains.

Fred Mahler, who works at the Armour Printing Works, and his son returned last Sunday from one day's pleasant trip to Lake Geneva, Wis., where they had a twenty-three-mile ride around the lake on the sightseeing boat, and a ten-mile-ride on the speedboat. There was a terrible rainstorm from 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., then the sun came out again, and it was a fine afternoon.

Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President of the United States, and Miss Ruth Gogins were married Saturday, July 22d, at the scene of the home of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Swiler at Burlington, Ia. Mrs. Swiler is the aunt of the bride. It is said that Mr. Swiler was formerly superintendent of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf.

Rev. Hasenstab suffered pains in his back and hips, brought on by a cold caught while on his preaching tour on hot days. In spite of his sufferings, he preached at his church Sunday, July 23d.

THIRD FLAT.

3348 W. Harrison St.

Clarence A. Boxley, of Troy, N. Y., is making a well-merited reputation as a contributor to the "Pulse of the People" columns of the *Troy Daily Record*. The following personal letter written by Editor Dwight Marvin attests Mr. Boxley's ability as a writer of general topics that interests his home community:

"You have created such a standard in your letters that we look for that standard whenever you write us. I think you and Quay are the most widely read of all our frequent writers today. Certainly the two of you and Mr. Roush have it all over the rest of them."

Bitten by a Whale

By Ralph E. Copley

In the old days a whaling voyage used to last the best part of three years. Judging from where the *Essex*, of New Bedford, was when a whale sank her on November 13th, 1820, we are led to conclude that she had put to sea at least two years before.

Following the usual track of New Bedford whalers, her skipper no doubt had first crossed the Atlantic towards the Azores, worked his way south and then headed east and up into the Indian Ocean. Probably he had gone through the Strait of Malacca and, passing the Philippines, had kept east of Japan until he had reached the Sea of Okhotsk. After completing his catch there, he had probably worked down toward the Sandwich Islands and probably was on his way southwest toward New Zealand when, on that unlucky 13th of November the lookout shouted, "There she blows!" and three boats with killing parties put off.

The boat crews were at once lucky; each got its harpoon into a whale. The first mate's prize proved to be especially frisky once it felt the lance. Raising its gigantic tail, it rolled from side to side until the surrounding sea was white with froth. Then down a huge fluke on the gunwale of the boat, and so severe was the blow that the first mate had to cut loose from his catch and give all his attention to getting his damaged boat back to the *Essex*.

Only his remarkable seamanship enabled him to save himself and his crew, for the whale, which was one of the largest variety and which evidently was the dam of a small whale, when the men in the captain's boat were capturing, made rushes at his boat and tried to crunch it with her massive jaws. Somehow the boat reached the *Essex*, but the men had no sooner scrambled up the sides than the mother whale charged the ship. The blow was staggering. As the whale scraped under the bottom she knocked off part of the false keel just abreast of the main channels. All hands thought surely that the end had come, but the ship righted herself and continued on her course.

But Madame Whale was not through. Coming up alongside, she tried, somewhat to the amusement of the crew, to clasp the *Essex* in her jaws. The sailors hurled many harpoons into the enraged fish, but they did not drive her off. At last, finding that she was not succeeding in her purpose, the whale turned, and going under the stern, came up on the other side. Then she began to swim off, and the men on the *Essex* were afraid that she was making to attack the two other boats. But after she had swum for perhaps a quarter of a mile she turned round on her tail and with lightning speed made for the *Essex*. This time, instead of choosing to strike the vessel amidships, she chose the bow just under the catheads. Though the *Essex* was going at four or five knots an hour when the crash came, the vessel more than merely stopping dead, acquired sufficient sternway to send the sea smashing through the aft cabin ports.

The shock of the blow flung every man to the deck. The bows were as completely stove in as if the ship had collided with another vessel. Since water was rushing in fore and aft, it was not long before the *Essex*, weighted down with her two years' catch of whale oil, filled and went over on her beam ends; her towering masts and sails dipped into the sea. At the time the captain's boat and that of the second mate were both fast to whales. On beholding the awful catastrophe both crews immediately cut loose from their fish and made for the wreck. As soon as the captain got aboard he gave orders to cut away the masts. Since the vessel had careened on her side, the task was not easy. Yet, being used to facing all kinds of emergencies, the men soon chopped off the three masts and the heavy spars and sails, and the vessel righted herself.

It was readily to be seen that the *Essex* could no longer afford shelter to her crew. Her decks were awash, and there was no dry place aboard her. Salvaging what food he could, the skipper ordered all hands into the longboats. For some time, hoping that another whaler would come on the grounds, the men remained by the abandoned wreck; but at last when no help came, the boats stood away to the south. The men hoped to reach some one of the groups of islands that dot the southwestern Pacific, but the winds were unfavorable.

The official record of the catastrophe says that for thirty days the boats continued to beat about and were carried eastward toward the middle of the Pacific, where islands are few and scattered. On the thirtieth day they reached an island that probably was one of those rocky, barren bits of land between the groups known as the Society Islands and Valparaiso, Chile.

The island afforded the shipwrecked sailors scarcely any nourishment, and the captain decided that only thing to do was to put to sea once more and try to reach the coast of South America. Three of the men decided that rather than venture forth on such a long journey in an open boat, they would remain on the island. The rest set forth, and after a suc-

cession of misadventures, regarding which there seem to be no record, those who remained of the crew reached Valparaiso, where they found in port the United States frigate *Macedonian*. On learning that three American sailors were marooned on a barren island in the middle of the Pacific, Captain Downes, the commander, resolved to rescue them. At the expense of one thousand dollars, a large sum for 1820, he fitted out a Chilean schooner and sent her in search of the unfortunates. But after a month at sea, during which time storms drove her off her course and eventually dismasted her, she limped back to Valparaiso.

At that Captain Downes was for setting out in the frigate, but fortunately he did not have to go; for the captain of the British ship *Surrey*, which was on the eve of sailing for Australia, agreed, for the sum of three hundred dollars, to run a bit out of his course and rescue the stranded sailors.

On Thursday, April 5th, 1821, almost five months after the whale had wrecked the *Essex*, and four months after the boats had set out from the island for South America, the commander of the *Surrey* sighted an island that he thought might be the one on which the Americans were. As he came near it he discharged a signal gun. Looking through his telescope, he saw the three men for whom he was searching come from the woods and begin to wave frantically. The rescue was accomplished with difficulty but with eventual success.

Try a Toasted Grasshopper

Did you ever taste "cossus"? Probably not, but wouldn't you like to? "Roastel, they are juicy, tender and tasty. There is a certain flavor of roasted almonds with a vague aroma of vanilla."

So reported the lamented entomologist Fabre, the good old man who has been called "the Homer of insects," when having, as he thought, identified the cossus, mentioned by Pliny as a popular delicacy among the epicures of Rome—he greatly dared and experimented for himself. The Roman cossus Pliny described as the fat larvae of an insect gathered from trees. Fabre believed the particular variety to be the great horned beetle, and it was the grub of that singularly unattractive insect which he cooked and ate.

Mr. Paul Scherdlin, writing in a Strasburg journal, has recently discussed anew the idea of using insects for food. They are still eaten and greatly relished in Asia, Africa and South America; but Europeans no longer eat them. For that abstention, he concludes, there is really no other reason than fashion.

"Are insects, then, inedible?" he inquires. "Certainly not, for facts prove the contrary. Open the Bible and you will find in Leviticus, in Chapter XI, verses 21, 22, that the Jew ate four kinds of 'crickets.' According to the evangelist St. Mathew (III, 4) John the Baptist subsisted in the desert on locusts and wild honey. The ancient Greeks, we are told by Aristophanes, whose works are so valuable for the knowledge of Athenian institutions and customs, used locusts as food at the end of the fifth century. He represents the insects as being sold currently in the markets. Diodorus of Sicily, a Greek historian contemporary with Caesar and Augustus, tells us that locusts served as food among many peoples of Africa and Arabia. The custom exists yet; in the French colonies in North Africa the natives collect the migratory grasshopper in great quantities for food. They are eaten raw, boiled or fried. What are not eaten at once are dried in the sun for future use.

Larvae are still used as food. Several Chinese peoples find caterpillars and the chrysalises of the silk-worm excellent. They are fried in butter or oil with the addition of yolk of egg and other ingredients. The Hovas of Madagascar regale themselves with the chrysalises of the bombyx, which they eat fried or boiled. We find natives of Australia who eat night moths, which they pursue and catch with the aid of torches. They are first dried, and then their wings are removed. In Mexico live tribes who eat a kind of broad made in great part of the eggs of large water-bugs. We should mention also the termites, the gathering of which among several tribes of tropical Africa and Brazil is as important as the grain harvest is with us.

Grant and Mark Twain

The first meeting of Samuel L. Clemens and General Grant—men most unlike, yet destined to be closely associated—was in 1868, when Mark Twain was a newspaper correspondent in Washington. He had arranged for an interview with Grant, says the *Mentor*, and had looked forward to it with lively expectations, but when he gazed into the imperturbable, unsmiling face of the soldier he found himself for once in his life with nothing in particular to say. Grant nodded to him and waited in silence. At last Mark Twain's native resources came to his rescue.

"General," he said, "I seem to be a little embarrassed. Are you?"

"That broke the ice," and all went well with them thereafter.

OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

According to the Columbus Dispatch, Dr. A. E. Krause, who has been appointed superintendent of the West Virginia School at Romney, graduated from the Capital University right here in Columbus. This school is a Lutheran School and Dr. Krause entered the Lutheran ministry after graduation and has taken a prominent part in educational work.

Ohio State University is compelled under the budget for 1933-34 to abolish 236 positions, to meet a payroll reduction of \$652,057. Seven veteran members of the faculty are compelled to retire, one of whom is Professor Durant, father of Ohio's Dorothy Durant Matthews. He is retired with Emeritus rank. All State schools have had to reduce expenses, but the Ohio State University seems the hardest hit of all. Salaries there get a third cut.

It is now thought that the Ohio school can open about the middle of September, instead of October 1st.

When Mrs. Victoria Cowden (Caputo) became the wife of Mr. Herbert Oldham, July 1st, they had as witnesses patrolman James O'Leary and Mrs. O'Leary, with whom Mrs. Oldham used to board. The wedding took place in Toledo at the court house.

Miss Esther Schwartz, a graduate of 1933 at our school, with her younger sister, Dorothy, entered a Kroger Grocery picnic beauty contest, but no prizes came their way. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schwartz, of Toledo. Mr. Schwartz is a product of the Ohio school, too.

At the July 4th picnic at the Ohio Home, we hardly recognized our former pupil, Mr. Elmer McVicker, of swimming fame. He and his wife were guests of her mother in Columbus for a few days.

Miss Alta Charlton, being still unemployed, spent a few weeks with Mrs. Charles Kane (Abbie Kraus) in Maumee. We suspect the two had a good time together, as Abbie is a great funmaker.

The Canton-Akron-Cleveland picnic at Geauga Lake, July 2d, was reported to me as a great success, although the weather gave all a cold shoulder and a good bit of dampness. Yet all present made out to have a good time. Visitors were there from Pennsylvania, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia and Tennessee. The affair was under the auspices of the N. F. S. D. divisions of the three cities. This picnic is an annual affair and attracts a large crowd always, as the deaf up that way are good entertainers.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson I. Snyder, of Dayton, were anticipating a visit from Rev. and Mrs. Collins Sawhill when they return to Cleveland from Alabama, where they were called in May by the sudden death of Mrs. Sawhill's only daughter, Mabel. Rev. Sawhill and Mrs. Snyder were members of the same class (1878) at the Ohio school.

Many of the Dayton deaf employed by the National Cash Register Company and the Frigidaire Company have been called back to their old jobs and are smiling once more with silver in their pockets.

The Cincinnati deaf were sorry to have Mrs. G. F. Williams resign as leader at the Deaf Welfare Center. For the summer Rev. Waldhaus, of the St. Rita School, is in charge of the Welfare Center.

A visit to the school recently found everyone busy as usual. In the yard, resting in the shade, we met Mr. Barney Golden. He rooms not far from the school and when reading or studying seeks the shade of the old trees in the school yard.

Queer things happen these days—while Columbus people were suffering in a 100 degree temperature recently, a sneak thief entered a home and stole a forty-dollar overcoat!

Then I saw in a local paper that children in Cleveland could get into a certain circus showing there by presenting ants at the entrance. A pair of ant eaters were in need of food, it seems.

Jersey City, N. J.

In honor of her birthday (July 26th), Mrs. Harry Dixon was tendered a surprise party on July 20th, at the home of Goldie Aronson, because Mrs. Dixon planned to go away for one month's stay at her mother's in Wildwood, N. J., two days later. She expressed her thanks to Clover Girls for gifts. During the evening they played "500," the prizes going to Mabel Smith, Margaret Kluin, and Mrs. H. Dixon. There were present the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Kaman, just returned from their honeymoon, who dropped in at the party unexpectedly.

Protestant Episcopal Missions

Dioceses of Washington and the States of Virginia and West Virginia.

Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 3821 South Dakota Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and Third Streets, S. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 p.m. Services elsewhere by appointment.

Fake "Deaf and Dumb" Beggars

A type of begging is being carried on by able-bodied persons having full possession of their faculties under the guise that they are deaf. These "deaf and dumb" fakers distribute or display cards on which is printed a distressing tale of their affliction and an appeal is made for funds with which to obtain an education, to learn a trade, to purchase a railroad ticket to some distant city, or to support some near relative in misfortune. The public response to such an appeal is usually prompt and liberal. For this reason it has become a profitable form of begging.

Besides grossly deceiving the public, these impostors commit the further offense of creating the impression that the majority of genuinely deaf persons are beggars. It is a worthy and interesting fact that the deaf as a class are intelligent, self-supporting and law-abiding citizens. They resent this stigma so unjustly cast upon them and are co-operating with officials all over the country to help curb these swindlers.

Fortunately, there is a statute in Pennsylvania which prohibits such solicitation. The law reads, in part: "Any person who shall wilfully or intentionally or fraudulently represent himself or herself to be deaf and dumb or blind in order to collect, receive or otherwise to obtain money, food, clothing or anything of value whatsoever, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding the sum of \$500 or by imprisonment not exceeding a term of six months, or either, or both, at the discretion of the courts."—Philadelphia News.

PICNIC & GAMES

BROOKLYN DIV. NO. 23
(National Fraternal Society of the Deaf)

INDOOR BASEBALL
D. M. U. L. vs. Clark

TRACK EVENTS
100-yd. dash. 440-yd. dash. 1-mile run.

GAMES FOR KIDDIES

PRIZES—MUSIC—DANCING

ULMER PARK
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Deaf-Mutes' Union League
711 Eighth Avenue
New York City

ANNOUNCES THE FOLLOWING
ENTERTAINMENTS

September 23.....Mardi Gras
October 7 - 8.....Movies
October 28.....Hallowe'en Party
November 11-12.....Movies
November 29.....Thanksgiving Carnival
December 9-10.....Movies
January 13-14, 1934.....Movies

New Guaranteed Monthly Income For Life...

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ADMISSION, - - - - 10 cents

A HOT HOME COOKED DINNER

Vaudeville Show Nothing Ever Happens!

by the V. B. G. A.

at St. Ann's Guild House
511 West 148th Street

Saturday, September 30, 1933

Curtain rises at 8:30

Admission 35c . . . Refreshments on Sale

Ephpheta Society

248 West 14th Street, New York City
(BMT and 8th Ave. Subways at door)

Business meeting First Tuesday Evening
Socials Every Third Sunday Evening

FORTHCOMING SOCIALS

August 20th—(Ephpheta Sunday)—Mass, Breakfast and Boat Ride

January 27th, 1934—Basketball and Dance
(Other dates to be announced in due time)

For any information regarding Ephpheta Society communicate direct to either:

Jere V. Flies, President, 32 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marie C. Vitti, Secretary, 1433 Leland Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City
Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Summer services, each Sunday at 11 A.M.
Holy Communion, Sunday, August 6th, at 11 A.M. Sunday, September 10th, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Office Hours—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday evening each month at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn.

SOCIAL AND ENTERTAINMENTS FOR 1933

October 28—Hallowe'en Party. Mrs. H. Liebsohn.

November 25—Food Sale. Mrs. Emma Schnackenberg.

December 23—Christmas Festival. Harry Liebsohn.

Mrs. HARRY LIEBSOHN, Chairman.
(DeKalb and Myrtle Ave. car stops at Adelphi St.)

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S.

English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Irving Blumenthal, President; Michael Auerbach, Sec'y, 264 Montank Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All Angels' Church for the Deaf

(Episcopal)
1151 Leland Ave., Chicago, Illinois
(One block north of Wilson Ave. "L" station, and one-half block west).

Rev. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge.
Mr. FREDERICK W. SHITSKY and Mr. FREDERICK B. WINT, Lay-Readers.

Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M., Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.

Social Supper, second Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.

Get-together socials at 8 P.M. all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance, around corner).

All Welcome.

Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Sally Yager, 731 Gerard Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, J. M. Eblin, 1014 Gerard Ave., Bronx, New York.

Queens Division, No. 115

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at the Jamaica, Y. M. C. A. Building, Parson's Boulevard and 90th Avenue, Jamaica, the first Saturday of each month. For information write to Secretary Harry A. Gillen, 525 DuBois Avenue, Valley Stream, L. I.

Brooklyn Division No. 25

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf 301 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Saturdays

Nicholas J. McDermott, Sec'y
954 Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entertainments

Balloon Party—Sat. Sept. 16th
Hallowe'en Party—Sat. Oct. 21st
Thanksgiving Carnival—Sat. Nov. 18th

Reserved

FEBRUARY 10, 1934

Basketball and Dance, Auspices Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Two games: Union League vs. Gallaudet College. Fanwood vs. Lexington.

Reserved

September 16, 1933—Bunco Party

October 21, 1933—Jollity Fete

Auspices of Men's Club of St. Ann's Church

N. A. D. CONVENTION

New York City

1934

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